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The Jacksonville Development Company publishes a monthly "Magazine of Opportunities." It is called the "Florida Home." It is devoted to Florida, and is published for the purpose of presenting those opportunities, specifically, in which the Jacksonville Development Company is interested. It offers nothing but propositions of the highest merit, propositions that are safe. Our publication is advertised throughout the United States, and is being sought after by interested people in every State in the Union. Scores of requests for it, from Maine to California, reach our office every day.

FLORIDA IS A STATE OF OPPORTUNITIES—What are they? We want all the people of Florida—particularly the farmers of Florida—to interest themselves in telling those of other States, what Florida offers, or can offer the homeseeker and investor—the large investor and the small investor. The articles must be short (not over 300 words), to the point, honest and accurate. They must not contain individual advertising matter, though the attractiveness and advantages of a particular city, or town, or section for a particular industry, or local conditions, may be dwelt upon.

FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD—To make it worth while, the Jacksonville Development Company will give \$50 in gold prizes for the best short articles on this subject, as follows: First prize, \$20; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5; and fifteen prizes of \$1 each. The articles will be judged in this office. The contest will close April 15.

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Jacksonville Development Company, Jacksonville, Fla.

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The Journal's Daily Short Story

The President's Turkey

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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On a May morning two men—just plain, ordinary men to look at—alighted from a train at Staunton, Pa., and walked up the main street to Parker Judd's house. The main street becomes a country road within a stone's throw of the railroad station, and "the old Judd place" is a little farm.

Judd had been at work in a field, but had returned to the house for something he could scarcely remember what. When the two men came into the yard he was sitting on the chopping block trying to persuade himself to get up and go back to the field. He was a tall, loose jointed man, with sandy hair and corn colored beard. He had dreamy blue eyes and a deep, slow and gentle voice.

"Mr. Judd," said one of the visitors, "we want you to hitch up some kind of a rig and drive us out to the head of Brown's pond. We're going to follow up the stream and see if we can catch a few trout."

"I've got a good bit of work to do," said Judd, and then, afraid that he might lose the chance to go fishing, he added with as near an approach to haste as his nature would permit, "but I guess I can accommodate ye."

A pretty girl with yellow hair and blue eyes like her father's, though with more light in them, appeared at the door and regarded the strangers with mild regret. The men lifted their hats, and the girl acknowledged their salute and vanished.

"I infer from the young lady's expression," said the elder man, "that our friend forgets to charge a proper price for his services when he takes people fishing. He's a widower," he added. "That's his daughter."

When they were out upon the road in Judd's wagon they approached the subject of compensation, whereupon Judd displayed embarrassment, as if their mention of the matter were an unmerited kindness. In return for it he said:

"Ye won't catch nothin' in Brown's brook. Why don't ye try the Winkumpaw?"

The visitors had never heard of it. "Folks from out o' town don't go there much," continued Judd, "an' them that do are most generally disappointed. With a bright sky ye

might as well fish in the middle of the road. But on a day like this—"

He left the remainder of the sentence to the imagination, and his silence was so impressive that it roused his companion's curiosity. They asked some questions about the Winkumpaw and finally decided in its favor, a circumstance upon which they congratulated themselves later, for the Winkumpaw yielded such sport that day as a fisherman never forgets.

"It's a curious thing," said Judd to his daughter at supper time. "The older man's got the same name as the president." And he repeated it several times meditatively. "Looks some like him, too, accordin' to the pictures I've seen. Guess likely he's some relation. They come up from Washington."

The girl counted some one dollar bills for the tenth time with great satisfaction.

"I'm glad they didn't think you went with them for the fun of it," said she.

The next morning early Miss Judd went down to the store and returned with some articles which had long been needed in the house. She brought with her also the surprising information that the fisherman of yesterday resembled the president's portraits because he was the original of them, the president himself. Judd received the news with wonder and reverence.

Thereafter the exalted head of this nation made more visits to Staunton than the general public ever heard of. Facilities for the dissemination of news were scant in that village, and the exertion of a very little "influence" sufficed to check them altogether, with the exception of one serious indiscretion which was committed by an individual who should have been the last to betray a secret of the government, for he was its chief beneficiary in Staunton, Miss Amelia Klagger, the postmistress. The story which revealed the president's favorite fishing ground and ruined the Winkumpaw by making it too famous was traced with perfect certainty to Miss Klagger.

This happened so late in the season that it cost the president not more than one outing and Judd not more than one fat fee and one golden day in the company of the great man whom he had learned to regard with a gentle adoration, yet the incident was looked upon

as a calamity from all points of view. It made Miss Klagger extremely unpopular; indeed, she had never been well liked. Few approved of her as postmistress. She had inherited the office from her father and had never needed it, being well to do.

It was a double blow to Judd because he had a sentimental feeling for Miss Klagger, whom he often praised to his daughter as "a strong woman, a powerful strong woman, a masterly woman." At such times little Miss Judd would have a cold fear in her bones, and her sweet blue eyes would wander, frightened, over the familiar objects of her home, as if she were about to be driven from its shelter. Yet she knew well enough that Amelia Klagger would never marry her father or any other poor man.

This conviction was most agreeably verified in early July, when the suspicion that it was Miss Klagger who had sent the Winkumpaw story to the Washington paper had crystallized into certainty. In the midst of the resulting gossip it was announced that Miss Klagger would marry a lawyer named Steinforth, who from a small beginning had risen to such power that it was said to be only a question of time when he would own the whole town.

The postmistress went on a brief wedding trip, leaving the office in the hands of her young brother, who was grotesque and indeed maliciously unfit for that honorable station, and when the bride returned and resumed charge of the mails her manner was far more offensively autocratic and her neglect of public business more brazen than it had ever been before. The result was that Mrs. Steinforth was removed from office in October, and Parker Judd was appointed.

Judd was overwhelmed. His fortunes had declined, despite his daughter's good management, to a point where relief was urgently demanded. It had even been rumored that Lawyer Steinforth was "reaching" out for the old Judd place. In view of these facts it is no wonder that Providence and the president became completely and reverently blended in Judd's thought.

"He's been right good to me," said Judd for the hundredth time as he sat on the chopping block one evening after supper. "I wish there was something I could give him."

"He doesn't want anything," responded his daughter. "My goodness, he's got everything."

"You remember the night he was here to supper," said Judd, "when we had the point broiler. He everlastingly stowed it away, didn't he?" And the postmaster chuckled with pleasure at the memory. Said it was about the top notch in the way of a turkey. Now, I've been a-thinkin' an' a-ponderin' 'n' a-revolv'n' in my mind," he added, with increasing decisiveness, "an' this is what I've come to: Some o' them poulters has growed up into mighty fine turkeys, an' I'm goin' to take the best o' the lot an' fat him up for now on an' send him to the president for 'Thanksgivin'." What do ye say to that, girlie?"

It struck Miss Judd as a good idea and absolutely original. Neither she nor her father had ever heard of the gentleman in Western, R. I., who has provided presidential turkeys for so many years. Such is fame.

Judd picked out three turkeys of the "bronze" variety and bestowed upon them an affectionate attention such as no fowls in that region had ever before enjoyed. They responded gratefully; they thrived miraculously; they ran a neck and neck race, with the ax as their goal, and Judd was forced to confess to his daughter that he would have to kill and dress all three before he could make a choice. He did not say much about the matter to anybody else; indeed, he labored under the delusion that he said nothing at all, and when the truth became known he honestly believed that his daughter had revealed it, and he spiced the evening meal with many a kindly jest about the inability of women to keep a secret.

Amelia Klagger Steinforth heard of Judd's plan. She always heard of everything that was going on, "an' a good deal that isn't," as her neighbors expressed it. She was credited with being the first to hear all news, but that couldn't have been the case in this instance, because she never spoke to any member of the Judd household after the loss of the postoffice. She mentioned the matter to her husband, who shut one eye and blew thin clouds of smoke toward the ceiling of their dining room. Then he began to laugh noisily and with a peculiar quaking of the body. Amelia was angry because he did not speak, and she gave him some sharp words, but when he finally told her what he was laughing at an

unexampled harmony was immediately established between them.

Amelia had some turkeys of her own, and among them was a genuine freak of nature, a strange reversion of the cultivated turkey to the wildness of remote ancestors. It was a hen turkey, more than two years old, renowned for athletic feats and a vicious disposition. When Amelia and Steinforth had united their fortunes, this turkey had attracted the lawyer's attention, and he had often amused himself by teasing it and compelling it to perform extraordinary evolutions of which the muscular structure of the average turkey is wholly incapable.

While his wife had been speaking of Judd's ambitious project it had occurred to the lawyer's mind that it would be very funny if his old hen turkey could be substituted for the postmaster. The scheme looked fanciful, but Steinforth had turned more difficult tricks in Staunton without being caught. Urged on by Amelia, he gave serious thought to the matter, and by bribing a hired man at Judd's the thing was accomplished. The box which Judd sent to the White House on the morning of the day before Thanksgiving actually contained the corpse of Amelia's hen turkey dressed in the best style of the art and packed with the same care which Judd had bestowed upon his incomparable "bronze."

"I'll bet the man doesn't live that can stick a fork into that old bird," said Steinforth. "The ax that I chopped her head off with was dulled so 't I couldn't split a cedar shingle with it afterward."

On the day after Thanksgiving Judd went down to Washington "on business," as he told his daughter. As a matter of fact, he went as the result of irresistible impulse. He simply had to go. It was in his mind to strike up an acquaintance with the humblest of the president's servants and beg for news from the executive kitchen, but this was not easy to accomplish. He hung around the White House until he began to attract the attention of certain inconspicuous persons connected with the secret service, and it is quite possible that he might have been subjected to inconvenience had not the president himself caught sight of him.

Suddenly, inexplicably, with his head in a whirl and his feet treading upon air, Judd found himself entering the president's workroom.

The exalted personage took the humble postmaster by the hand and greeted him right heartily.

"I've just written you a letter," said he, "to thank you for that turkey, the finest bird that ever gobbled! We all enjoyed it immensely."

Now, the actual turkey in question had never gobbled, because it was Amelia's old hen, and gobbling is a prerogative of the male. Moreover, the president had not eaten any of it, nor had he attempted to do so. Under ordinary circumstances the turkey supposed to be Mr. Judd's would have been bestowed in charity, with other similar offerings, but it happened to have a higher destiny. In a playful moment the president had directed that it should be sent, with his compliments, to a certain senator with whom he had recently had a disagreement over the matter of patronage in the senator's state. Let the gentleman be known here as Senator N.

Of course the president could not disclose the facts to Mr. Judd, because that would have broken the poor man's heart. It seemed to be one of those cases often encountered by statesmen where a good lie is better than the truth. And Judd was so grateful and so pleased that the president yielded more and more to temptation and delivered a really eloquent eulogium upon the Judd turkey.

He was in the midst of it when a faithful attendant entered bearing a box, which he set down upon the table. Under the cord that was wound about it there was a letter, which the president, after courteously requesting Mr. Judd's permission, opened and read as follows:

To His Excellency, Etc.: Great and Good Friend—It has been my misfortune to incur your displeasure and to receive at your hands various and sundry things which may be called, in the language of the vulgar, exceedingly tough. But this turkey beats them all. Try it with an ax, with a drill, with an ax. You will make as much impression on it as I have made upon your favor during this session of congress. Now at last I know what I may expect from this administration. Believe me, etc., yours,

The president's face was immovably placid as he folded the letter and put it into his pocket.

"It is from Senator N.," said he. "We are old friends. I sent him some of your turkey, and this is his acknowledgment. He says it beat anything in the turkey line that he had ever seen."

A happy smile illumined the face of Parker Judd, and his mild blue eyes were suffused with tears. He tried to speak, but could not. The president grasped him warmly by the hand and gently guided him to the door.

"My wife and I," said the president, "have been making some plans for your little girl. You'll hear from me about it presently. Goodby."

The president crossed to the table and opened the box and tested the turkey with the point of his penknife.

"Somebody has put up a job on Judd," he said and jabbed the turkey resentfully, but without effect.

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But all blood diseases are not acquired; some persons are born with an hereditary taint in the blood and we see this great affliction manifested in many ways. The skin has a waxy, pallid appearance, the eyes are often weak, glands of the neck enlarged, and as the taint has been in the blood since birth the entire health is usually affected.

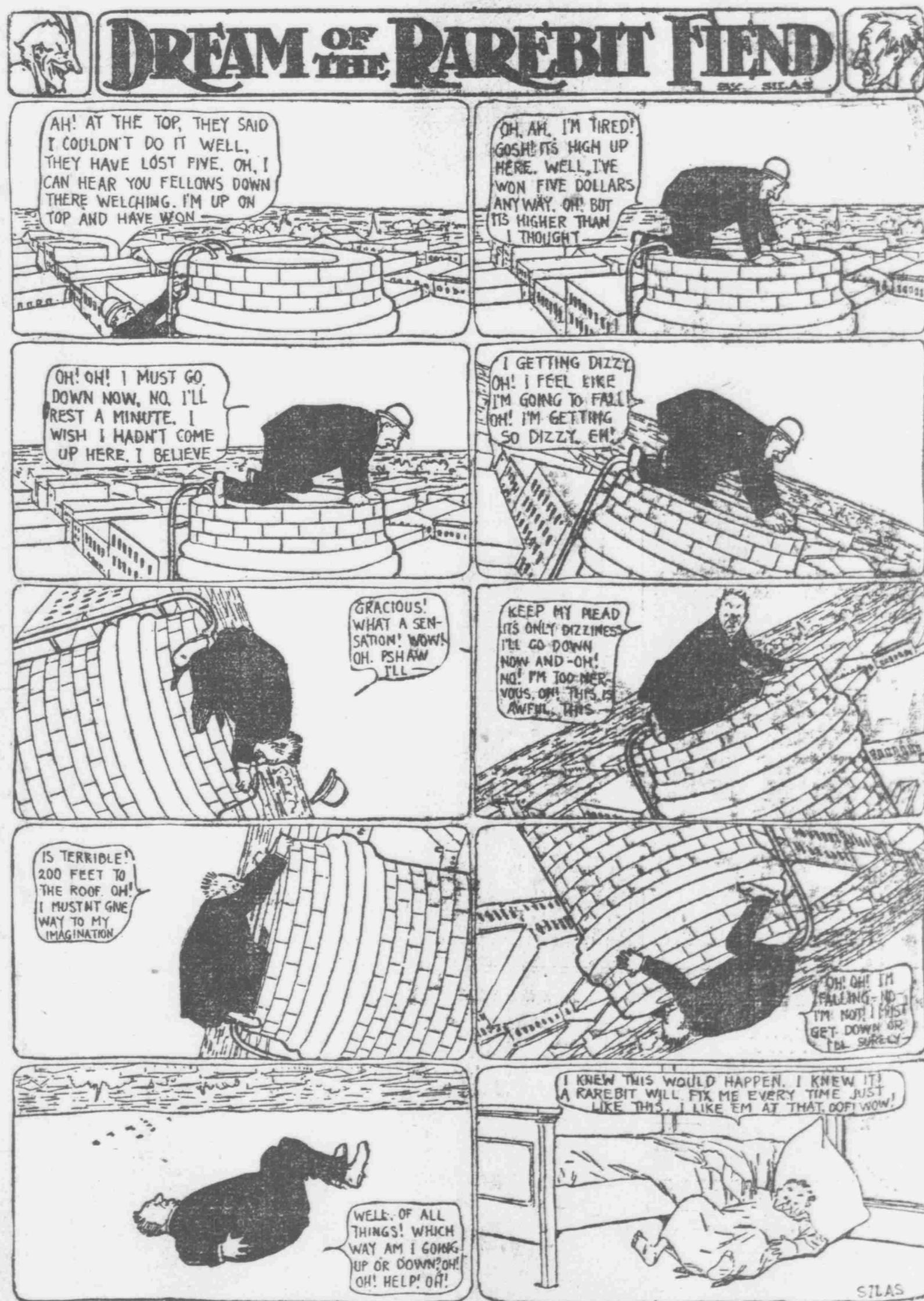
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124 S. 9th St., Lebanon, Pa. P. H. THOMPSON.

S.S.S.
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